

WHEN A WOMAN WRITES A CHECK



Why is it that the average woman cannot be taught to write or indorse a bank check? It is regarded by bank officials and employees as the eighth wonder of the world and a never to be solved mystery why it cannot be done, but it is generally admitted that it is one of the impossible things comparable only to the riddle of the sphinx or squaring the circle.

The numerical amount on the date line, no date at all, the written amount where the name of the payee should be written (and the written and printed amount to disagree at least 50 cents), any signature in any place—the back of the check is just as good as anywhere else—and a snuff or a fuff if the prematurely gray paying teller dares to make a correction! That's the way the average woman banks, except that she can ring in a dozen changes in as many minutes. "And the ladies, God bless 'em," said the president of one of the big trust companies, "all love to bank and they are all at it. The generality of them would rather have a bank account and have it overdrawn 7 cents than sport a solid silver purse full of shining gold coin. 'My bank' are words that they linger over lovingly and their elation knows no bounds when a typewritten letter from the cashier requests Mrs. X. to call at the bank in regard to her account, which is overdrawn \$3.33.

"Only recently a prominent Chicago woman, upon receiving one of these notices from our bank, rushed in breathlessly and confided to the cashier that she did not know any money was coming to her, for she thought she had drawn it all out, and she asked sweetly how she could get it. Should she make a check for it or would the teller give it to her if she presented the slip the bank had sent her.

"But it is not always the women who show ignorance of the forms of handling checking accounts, and at the end of a week will go over them and make them balance to a cent. But a business man with a savings account very frequently gets himself sadly tangled up. The savings bank book always seems to him to be a Chinese puzzle, and many are the breaks he will make. He will sometimes write out an order for his account on the bank book itself, and send some one to collect it."

The women have a very satisfactory way to themselves. If not to the bank officials, of adding sufficient funds to their account to meet an overdraft. Only a few days ago a lady who had been notified that her account was badly overdrawn presented herself to the cashier and asked just what she must do to rectify the mistake. He courteously explained that she must deposit enough money in the bank or a check large enough to cover the amount due. Her face brightened and she sighed as if a great load were taken off her mind, sat calmly down and wrote a check for the amount due and she drew it upon the same account and the same bank. She does not understand to this day why the bank would not accept it. Just give a woman a check book and there is no telling to what lengths she can and will go.

Many amusing tales of women's banking methods are told. An official of a Chicago banking company said a lady walked into his bank recently and requested a loan of \$500. She was asked for her security—whether she owned property or land in the city. She replied in the negative, whereupon the official said that he was sorry, but they did not do business on such terms. The lady was more than indignant and insisted that he go out and look at the sign on his building and then he would very plainly see the word "trust." She guessed what that meant because her grocer trusted her and she never had to give him any security.

"New money" not the sound article, is the cry of the female financier, and woe to the bank that is not prepared to hand out fresh, crisp bills and newly minted coin in return for a mixed up, badly written, ink bedaubed check. Women object strenuously to making out their own deposit slips and cannot or will not understand that the bank requests them to do it for their own protection. A great many women require the teller to make out their checks. Not long ago a bank had an amusing experience with a new depositor. She confessed to the teller that she did not know how to make a check, and he made it out for her, explaining as he went along. Then he handed it to her, saying: "Sign, madam, lower line, please." She took the check and delivered the goods all right, for when she returned it for payment the check was signed "Lower line" in a dainty hand.

At one of the big national banks some months ago a perfumed, crested note of a depositor of the bank read: "Please stop payment on check No. 197, as I have accidentally burned the same." A depositor at the same bank was notified that her account was overdrawn, but still her checks continued to pour in. When they did not cease for four or five days an official called her up on the telephone and told her that payment would be stopped on her checks unless

she made her account good. She puffed right up and said she would show him that he was wrong and that she had money in the bank. Half an hour later she came down to the bank with her check book and the explanation that "she knew she was right, for there were at least half a dozen blank checks left in the book!"

Another peculiarity is the way they make out checks to themselves. Where a man makes it out to "cash" a woman makes it to the order of Mary Brown, signs it Mary Brown, and turns it over and indorses it "Mary Brown." Thus far have women progressed in the last ten years, since it became common for them to do general banking business. It remains to be seen how much they will develop in the next ten years.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

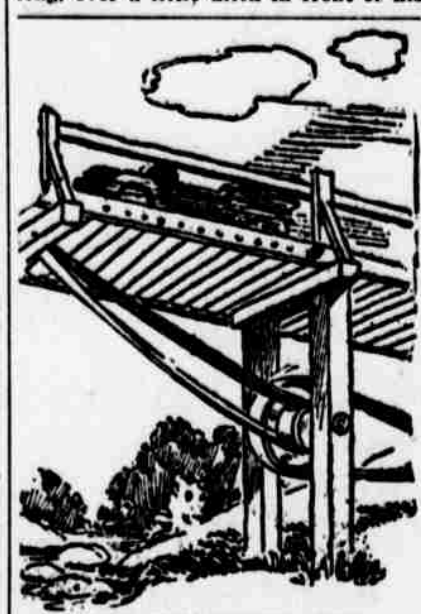
AUTOS CHURN BUTTER.

Farmer Utilizes Hoot-Wagon While They Are Crossing Bridge.

"The road that runs from Denver out past Petersburg and on down to Littleton, Castle Rock, Lakewood, Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs and all points south" passes the home of John C. Muler and is thickly traversed by automobiles. In fact, one of those joy bugs comes sky-hootin' along about every second, or perhaps oftener, keeping peaceable residents of that community either sidling along as close to the edge of the road as the barb wire will permit, or climbing trees.

It occurred to Muler that with all those autos streaming by he might utilize them to his own advantage, and auto-churned butter is the result.

There's a small bridge, about 20 feet long, over a little ditch in front of his



POWER FROM PASSING AUTOS.

house. He just took up the floor of that bridge and relaid it, in corduroy fashion, with round pieces of timber set very closely together, but which revolve when an auto or any other vehicle strikes them. Then, under that bridge and attached to the logs, he framed up a system of cogs which work whenever the bridge floor does. He carried a piece of belting to the house and attached it to the handle of a revolving churn.

Now, every time anything passes over that bridge the floor turns, and the turning of the floor turns his churn, over and over, with marvelous rapidity. The autos and other vehicles come so closely together that Muler soon has a mess of very fine butter churned up.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

It is very unfortunate that the retailer, speaking generally, does not appreciate the value of local advertising. It would seem as though ambition should dictate the enlargement of one's business, and to many merchants such a result is easily attained. The way to do it is quite simple.

It is well known that women are the best buyers and, as a rule, the goods they buy are the most profitable. To attract them your store must be magnetic—i. e., clean, neat, stocks well arranged and the goods appealing to them prominently displayed.

Doing this is properly classed as advertising, but it must be backed by intelligent, well-informed and courteous clerks to make the sales. After having accomplished this reform then, by all means, contract for a regular space in your local papers and place your advertisement in advance. Arrange the copy for frequent changes, make the matter and makeup attractive, and be sure to refer to the reasonable goods at the proper time.

If such a simple course is followed the result will be a pleasant surprise to any merchant who has not been a believer in publicity. The good merchant realizes that he does not have to cut prices to make sales. There is an easier way to make business and keep profits in these times. The rule is as simple as can be—advertise and support your announcements with an attractive store and courteous treatment of customers.—Hardware.

Prohibitionist Paraphrase.
"What we want now," said one prohibition campaigner, "is some picturesque title for our candidate, such as it is now customary to give the head of the ticket."
"Very true," replied the other.
"Why not refer to him as the beerless leader?"—Washington Star.

A Wall Street Recruit.
The manager—I don't exactly like the way you have drawn your tramp. You make him talk like a stock broker. The playwright—Well, that's all right this year, ain't it?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ever notice how many things there are in the shop windows that you have no earthly use for?

ADVENTURES OF LITTLE WILLIE.

He Tires of His School Books; Runs Away from Home in an Attempt to Become Famous.

MONDAY.

Geese it betes the dikkens how a feller has ter go ter school all the time. I wisht that I was big like Fiten bob evens an kud go off on battle ships to places an kud see sites. I bet the girls wudnt laf at me then an titter when I kum bak with medels an things.

this gograpy lessen is awfel hard an the teacher is cross today to me tu bekauz I didnt know my other lessens for I set up late las nite readin robeson kruso.

but this is to be my las day in skule



"THIS LESSON IS AWFUL HARD."

anyhow, I gos they wil wisht they had ben respectfel ter me when they here how I hev got up in the world ofter awhile an am rich an own lots of houses. I am off tomorrow fer nevada tu get rich digen gold. I hev bin watchin an ear beln loded to go to airizona an I kin walk the rest of the way.

TUESDAY.

I must hev kum an awfel ways last nite in this car if it bumped around al nite. Its kold in here but there is some straw around the boxes so I gos I kin kepe warm for I hev my mind maid up tu stick it out.

but etin' cold sausez an' bred ain't



"ETIN' COLD SAUSEZ AN' BRED."

what its kracked up tu bee. I wud giv wun of my fore quarters for a drink of water but I gos I kin stand it awhile yet.

I got to thinkin that if I shud die fer want of water the kids at skule wud fele purty bad an maybe susen Evens wud put the wrpthe I giv jor for Krismes on my gray an maybe they wud fire off a salut over my gray thinkin that I did game an with my butes on as the feller who kot killed by Dik of Egile Pas did.

It must be an awfel long ways tu airizona.

I am mitey tired setin' down tu.

WEDNESDAY.

If I hed knowed that the car was ben bumped al round the railroad yards I wud not hev gone thursty al day an nite. when I got out at last I found that I uz rite here at home al



"I YELD I WUZ CRAZY."

most only way off in enother end of town.

my sausez an brode hed giv out, so I went out began an kum tu a nice house. the lady who kum tu the dore sed she pityed me an tuk me inside an giv me lots tu etc. she kept talken tu me an sed I was much lik her boy who grwd up an had gone off.

she giv me pie an kake an say it was pudin tu goin tu skule. but after awhile I herd some one talken to somebody else in the next room. then the lady went out an I herd her say Yee offish he luks like the pikshur of the boy in the paper who run off.

when the cop kum in I rembered what the Ole sluth did wunst an I yeld I was crazy from a bug asylum an pertended tu hav a fit an the lady fainted an the cop run tu her an I eskaped.

THURSDAY.

I walkt al nite but from what the people sez I ain't no wher now airizona. I kum tu a milkmaos house this mornin an askt for wurk. he askt what I kin do an I sez any kind of honest toll this respect-kubel an he put me, at wurk fedin kows.

I never did lik kows much. they are al rite in summer tu luk at. but I never did lik tu wurk around them. I fele

that I erna my daley brode today. I wurked hard enuf. the milkman has a nice dauter. I tole her wurnt today that I expect to be a King or somethin' some day. I tole her I expected to go al round the world some day an she buged out her eyes. I found a button in one poket that susen giv me las weke an beloven her skel tu my love giv it to this girl. I tole her that she is a dreme an that



"I EXPECT TO BE A KING SOME DAY."

she wud luk wel in a manshun lik mine is ty. be an after super she giv me two doughnuts. I ete wun. the other is for my piller tu slepe on. the boss drove me to bed at 7 o'clock. the life of some wurken men is hard.

FRIDAY.

the boss made me git up way in the nite We had got to town with the wagon I was on before Owl cars was runen. It was kold an krey. I kinder wisht that I kud go tu skule agen but I didnt let on tho. I know Egile Pete always kept a stiff upper lip.

the milkman stopt often at places wher he went inside. Wunst a bum kum up tu the wagon an askt for milk I tole him that I was a brave man altho small an he lafed but he was blinf al rite but I was skared al rite. finally we kum nere our hous. but



"I BETE THE DOG TO THE WAGON."

we dont take milk of the man I wurked for so I wasent much skared. but we kum tu susen evens hous and I tole the boss he was kold an I wud tak the milk in. I was in hopes susen mite know it was me. I hamered the bak dore. I maid a big raket.

finely I herd sum wun say now git him Towser. I run. I bete the dog to the wagon. the boss was asleep. the horses got skared at the dog and run. the boss fell out. the horses run a long ways. when they stopt I crawlid from under the wrek an run thru a park.

SATURDAY.

its purty hard to hav the police on yer trak. al mornin I dodged them. one big cop got me. but I tole him that I wurked rite around the corner an kud jor for it. the bluf worked. but my heart was in my mouth.

I tried for wurk at several places



"HE WASNT EZZY."

I kudnet get a ob. every thing lukt dark tu me. finally I decided to walk past our hous in the nite. I figured the kuk mite see me. I jist wanted her tu let the folks know I kud live without there vittels.

I walkt past the hous twice. nobody seemd to notes me. I was jist goin around the kornor to grocery when I run rite into pu. he wasnt eazy bekaus we wuz in the strete. he was wurse than ole everet True ever will get.

when I got in th hous I was put in the bath tub an washt three times wurns with hot water an twice with cold. even the dog growid at me. at the supper tabel the folks wer quiet. I felt like an outkast. but after I hed gone tu bed mother kum up an put her arms around me an we talkt it over an I gos everything is square now an I am goin tu church tomorrow.—Cincinnati Post.

Very Sagnacious.

A farmer had a very sagnacious dog which he had trained to count his sheep as they passed through a particular opened gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through the dog placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and on himself counting the flock he found there had been an addition in the night of a lamb.

The Occasion for It.

"He says he never prayed in all his life."

"What a monotonous existence! Apparently he has never been in a tight place."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The delivery of London's milk requires 4,500 horses.

No less than 30,000,000 yen (\$15,000,000) is yearly spent by foreign visitors in Japan.

No fewer than 372 different ways of spelling Ypsilanti have been copied from envelopes and recorded by a postmaster.

The African peanut is less delicate than the American as an article of food, but it yields more generously in oil, and is more easily crushed.

When a vessel is on her trial trip she runs four times over a measured mile, twice with and twice against the tide. Her average speed is thus arrived at.

Sailing vessels are coming into vogue again, especially within the last five years, after having been practically banished from the ocean by the quicker and more easily controlled steamships.

Owners of even the smallest toy manufacturing establishments in the Nuremberg district, Germany, cater for the foreign trade. Factories employing from six to twenty people are no exception.

Doki Indians in Canada are to be made wealthy by the sale of their pine lands. The total revenue from the sale of the lands will approximate \$1,000,000, and some families will receive as much as \$20,000.

Telegrams from Kiev state that there is a plague of caterpillars in many parts of southwestern Russia. In some places the railway tracks are covered by swarms of the insects and travel is being hindered owing to the state of the rails.

China is a bad place for furniture. In the summer months it is so damp that furniture put together with glue falls apart and drawers stick, while in the dry months furniture goes to the other extreme and often exhibits cracks half an inch or more in width.

Several earthquake shocks have been felt recently in the Congo district, Africa. There have been no casualties, but the natives were panic-stricken. Many of them ran for miles and refused to return to their villages unless they received guns and ammunition.

Canada's government has sent out a survey party to lay out the town site of Fort Churchill, the future metropolis of Hudson Bay. The only settler who is now on the proposed site, which is on the east side of Churchill river, opposite the Hudson Bay post, is entitled to a free grant of 100 acres.

Some navies in a railway carriage were once in loud conversation, swearing boisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent. "My friend," said another passenger in shocking tones, "where did you learn to use such language?" "Learn!" cried the navy. "You can't learn it guv'nor. It's a gift, that's wot it is."—Dundee Advertiser.

Of the late Langdon Smith, the journalist and author, a Denver reporter said the other day: "I remember my first visit to Washington. Smith, big and handsome and vivacious, showed me about. From an eminence a great pale dome rose up against the blue sky, the dome of the Capitol. 'What is that?' said I. 'That?' said Smith, 'Oh, that's the national gas works.'"

A process for protecting iron and steel from rust has been invented and patented by T. W. Colett, of Temple row, Birmingham, England. This consists in immersing the article in a hot phosphorized solution containing an iron compound. The surface of the iron is converted into a mixture of ferrous and ferric phosphates, and presents a pleasing dull-black appearance. This process makes the iron highly resistant to corrosion, and is being applied to all kinds of light engineering work, such as cycle frames, gun barrels, etc.

Otto E. Schaar, president of a club of New York waiters, said the other day of a parsimonious young man: "He resembles a chap they tell about in Bucks county. This chap lived alone with his father. On the old man's death he would inherit the farm. Well, finally the old man took sick. His end drew near. The son sat up with him a night or two, expecting him to pass away, but he lingered on. On the fifth or sixth night the son, instead of sitting up, put a lamp, turned very low, on a table by the bed and went to his own room with the caution: 'When you feel that it is all over with you, father, don't forget to blow out the lamp.'"

A beautiful story is told somewhere of Sir Hubert Herkimer, the great palatier. His father was a poor man, but the professor brought him from his native land of Germany to live with him in his beautiful house near London. The old man used to model in clay in his early life, and now that he had leisure he took to it again in his old age. But his hands trembled and the work showed signs of imperfection. It was his one sorrow. At night he went to bed early, and when he had gone his son would go into the studio, take his father's poor work and make it as beautiful as possible. When the old man came down in the morning he would look at the work and rub his hands and say, "Ha! I can do as well as ever I did."—Scholar's Own.

To the outside world the greatest ornithological oddity in this country is the kookaburra, says the Sidney (Australia) Times. In earlier times it was known as the "settler's clock" from a belief that its joyous peens were vented regularly at morn, noon and dusk, being quiescent through the heat of the forenoon and the wane of the afternoon. That belief has long been shattered. The kookaburra laughs just when the fit takes it, particularly when excited; and it laughs as readily at the violent death of its mother-in-law as it does at the enraged settler, when he falls off his haystack. A wounded bird makes a monotonous row, which will bring all others within hearing into the neighboring tree, and these at once set up an echoing cackle that is repeated again and again.

MYSTERIES OF SONG SLANG.

Ontons Are Akin to Sentiment in the Music Hall World.

How many people would guess the meaning of a "Spanish onion song?" This strange phrase—one of the many to be found in the professional's dictionary of slang—is used to denote the music hall ballad, and owes its origin to the fact that no self-respecting member of its race would be without a pathetic reference to "dear old mother" or "somebody's sweetheart far away." Now, pathos draws tears, and so do onions. The rest is obvious, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

These ballads are also known by the name of "Give me your kind applause songs," a title which is also applied to ditties whose duty it is to draw attention to some misdeed on the part of the imperial government.

Artists, too, always allude to the last song they sing as their third song, though in many cases it may be their second or their fourth.

"Breathers" are so called because the unfortunate artist who sings them has no chance to breathe unless, perhaps, he surreptitiously drops a stray note here and there and thus draws a few molecules of air into his lungs. These songs—of which "The Irish Christening" is an example—always have at least five long verses, which are run one into the other and sung without a break of any kind.

A type of song which is designed with the express purpose of deceiving the audience is the "cod ballad." With great ingenuity the composer begins his verse in a highly sentimental tone, when, just as the audience is commencing to search for its pocket handkerchief, a sudden turn is given to the words and every one realizes that he has been tricked. The whole thing is, in fact, veriest parody. "Mingle your eyebrows with mine, love," is a case in point.

At the present moment the music hall world is searching high and low for concerted numbers, which form 9 per cent of the seaside. These are merely solos, rewritten to form trios, quartets or quintets for Pierrots and outdoor theatrical troupes, while "extra business" is added to suit requirements.

Motto songs, which are increasing in popularity every day, will also, it is expected, help to pass the hours for the loungers on "those yellow sands." These ditties always point an excellent moral.

The "production number" is a term which needs some explanation. It means that the song is elaborated or "featured" with chorus girls and is "produced" on a more elaborate scale than the ordinary number. It also requires special scenery, with effects.

Soubrette songs give the idea of songs always sung by soubrettes. They must, however, fulfill certain other requirements. The chorus, as in other songs, do not remain the same, the couplet in every case being differently worded.

BORED AND FLUGGED.

The Truthful Story of a Ship Struck by Lightning.

"In Duluth down on the docks some days ago some fresh water Ancient Mariners were talking of adventures on the raging main," began an old steamship man. "Captain H." said one, "it seems to me I've heard somewhere that your vessel was once struck by lightning while sailing, sailing over the bounding main?"

"Yep, twice," said Captain H. "Happened off Point Aux Barques 'bout fifteen years ago. We were joggin' 'long when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidstships and bored a hole as big as my right leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?" "No, sir. The water began rushin' in, and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash, and a bolt struck my foreto' gallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to drydock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."—Washington Herald.

Cherry History.

It is still asserted in school books that cherries were introduced to England by the "frutierer" or green grocer of Henry VIII.; also, that they were not common for a hundred years after that time. This is an error. Mr. Thomas Wright found the name in every one of the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies which he edited. So common were they and so highly esteemed that the time for gathering them became a recognized festival—"cherry fair" or "feast." And this grew into a proverbial expression for feasting joy. Gower says the frutiers taught that "life is but a cheryefayre," and Hope "endureth but a throwe, right as it were a cheryefeste." There is more than one record of the purchase of trees for the king's garden at Westminster centuries before Henry VIII. was born. But Pliny contradicted the fable, as if in prophetic mood. After telling that Lucullus first brought cherries to Rome (from Pontus, in 980 A. U. C.), he adds that in the course of 120 years, they have spread widely, "even passing over sea to Britain."—Cornhill Magazine.

Fatalities.

"Yes," said the beauteous young thing, "when I asked papa if I might go mountain climbing he took my head off. But I had my own way, of course, and finally the crowd got started, and you know they made me put on a lot of wraps and things that simply suffocated me. And about halfway up I slipped and fell over a cliff and broke my neck! Indeed, yes. And when they had lifted and pulled me back on the trail I absolutely died from pain. But before long I was able to go on to the top, but by the time we were almost there I collapsed and sat down, for I could never breathe again. But they made me pull myself together and in time we got to the summit, and there it was so cold I froze to death! Oo-oh! And I was glad, I can tell you, when we came down at last, and as soon as they got me home I went to bed, dead from exhaustion."—Independent.

Science AND INVENTION

Water pipes of terra cotta were used in Crete four centuries ago. Those supplying drinking water consisted of a series of subconical tubes socketed into each other, with collars and "stop ridges," so constructed as to give the water a shooting motion, thus preventing accumulation of sediment.

An asbestos shingle roof, when properly made, will outlast the life of the building itself, says Popular Mechanics. The simple exposure to the elements causes the cement covering of the asbestos fiber to crystallize and it becomes more and more serviceable as time rolls on, steadily toughening and hardening with exposure. The fact that the elements take better care of these shingles than the best paint or dressing, does away with this expense.

A French scientist, M. Bertin, in dealing with the subject of coast erosion, mentions that the Island of Jersey once formed a part of the Continent of Europe. He has also brought to light the interesting fact that there still exists an ancient charter by which a certain abbey was compelled to furnish the necessary plank for communicating with the island from the mainland at low water. The extent to which the sea has encroached on the land is evident from the fact that the journey from the mainland of France to the island by steamboat now takes an hour.

English technical journals quote with approval the recently announced conclusions of John H. Heck concerning the durability of mild steel in actual service in machinery, ships, and so forth. This is a question which is not settled by the preliminary tests of strength. Mr. Heck shows that nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. If a plate, or bar, of mild steel lasts for a year in service, it may be trusted to last for many years. The most injurious thing is continual bending backward and forward, as in what is called the "panting" of a boiler end. As London Engineering puts it, steel has a somewhat "tumultuous youth," but "in middle age it is trustworthy, and in old age beyond reproach." In regard to corrosion, there is difference of opinion, some holding that steel corrodes more readily than iron.

One of the most astonishing objects in the heavens, especially when photographed, is the great nebula in the constellation Andromeda, which is visible as a misty speck to the naked eye. It has long puzzled astronomers, because while its structure—a series of vast rings surrounding a central mass—suggests a gaseous constitution, its spectrum is continuous, resembling that of the sun. It has been suggested that it may be composed of stars constituting a universe external to ours. Recent studies of its parallax, however, indicate that it is nearer to us than some of the well-known stars, such as Capella, and J. Ellard Gore, the English astronomer, points out that if the Andromeda nebula were assumed to be an external universe, having a diameter comparable with that of the Milky Way, its mass would be forty million million million times the mass of the sun. This is regarded as incredible, and so may be taken as an additional argument in favor of the view that this nebula is a member of our system.

COLD WATER WEDDINGS.

This Marriage Ceremony Consists of Washing the Heads.

Marriage among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find it expedient for her to get married, they look up an available man and negotiate with his parents.

After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified, the girl goes to the home of the bridegroom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the bridegroom makes a kind of sack for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water, which completes the ceremony.

There have been instances of the bridegroom refusing to go through the performance, says a writer in Outing. It has then proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is twelve horses. On the second occasion the tax is nine horses, while subsequent marriages are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady, a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized bridegrooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great commendation, is that law of many tribes, unwritten but of much sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.

Complimentary to Him.

"Really," said Cholly Sappety, "I can't understand Miss R